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VOLUME VII.

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POETRY.

OF MAN'S MORTALITY.

Like as the daisy rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had;
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done:
The rose withers, the blossom blazeth;
The flower fades, the morning hasteth;
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes—and man, he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the peacock of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dove's accented,
The hour is short, the span not long;
The swan's near death—man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like a shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;
The bubble's cut, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot;
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides—man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like swift course of watery flow;
Or like the time between flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dolo;
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate:
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dolo soon done—man's life first done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth die,
Or like a quaver in short song,
Or like a journey three days long;
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum;
Even such is man who heaps up sorrow:
The lightning's past, the post must go;
The song is short, the journey's so;
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves—and so must all.

STORY TELLER.

THAT LITTLE PLACE OF BROWN'S.

The place was mine, and we lived
as cozily there, my wife and little
daughter and I, as birds in a nest,
until the Blacks, some old friends of
ours from the city, came to live in our
neighborhood.

We were at supper one night when
my wife told me:

"They're going to take the French-
roofed house around the corner," said
Sally, "with the big extension and
conservatory, and as I happened to be
walking out just as the trucks came
down, I couldn't help seeing that the
parlor furniture is of crimson satin
damask and ebony—I think it's ebony,
but I won't be sure," continued my
wife; "but at any rate it's inland."

"Well, that's a comfort, any way,"
said I. "If you're positive it's inland,
Sally, you can perhaps go on with your
supper."

"Yes," she said, so pre-occupied
with her theme that she hadn't eaten
a morsel, "and there's the handiest
bedroom set for Jane that I most
ever laid my eyes on; it's one of
those dressing-bureaus, Joe, with a
magnificent plate-glass that reaches
down to the floor."

"That's good," said I. "You can
run around there when you have your
next gown fitted, and see the hang of it."

"I don't expect to run around there,"
said Sally, craning her neck up
stiffly, turning up the end of her nose,
and drawing her lips down.

"Why, what's the matter?" said I.
"Wasn't Jane friendly? I've done
many a good turn for Black in my
day, and I hope they're not going to
turn the cold shoulder now—"

"Oh, she was friendly enough," said
Sally; "but we can't expect Joe, that
people living in that kind of style can
be upon terms of intimacy with peo
ple that live as we do. There are cer
tain restrictions in society—"

"Restrictions be hanged!" I cried.
"I'm as good a man as Black any day
in the week."

"You're as good as the President,
for that matter," said Sally; "but it's
all like a pair of scales, Joe, when one
goes up another goes down, and, from
the way things look, it'll take a pretty
heavy weight on the Blacks' side to
bring them down to our position."

I must own this kind of logic vexed
me a little. I knew pretty well how
Black stood commercially, and I told
Sally there wasn't a feather's weight
on his side, so far as the favors of for
tune were concerned. "If he has a
mind to live above his means," said I,
"he can do it, and take the conse
quences."

"He has just as good a right to live
above his means," said Sally, "as you
have to live beneath yours."

This was her Parthian arrow as I
went out the door, and it rankled a
little all the way down in the train,
the more sharply that I found Black
the center of an admiring bery at the
depot. He had quite an imposing
make up and a glib tongue, which he
used in inveighing against our system
of paving. He complained of the con
dition of a good many things in our
young township, and seemed to gain
popularity with every fault that he
found. At last he spied me, and was
exceedingly loud and effusive in his
salutation.

"Hallo, Brown!" he said, shaking
my hand again and again, and declar
ing to the people about him I was an
old friend whom he was glad to un
earth. "I've run you down, you sly
fox. That's a snug little place around
the corner—very snug indeed!"

I wouldn't have believed it possible
I could have been such an ass as to
feel flattered by this familiarity of
Black's, but I found myself smirking
and nodding with great complacency.
Here were at least half a dozen of the
gentry about me who lived in big
houses in my neighborhood, that I
had been going up and down to the city
for years, yet scarcely knew them
well enough for an exchange of civi
lities, and here was Black already hand
in glove with the finest of them. It
makes me sick now when I remember
that I turned my back on poor old
White, and went loafing on with this
aristocracy. White lived in even
a smaller house than mine, and had
hard enough work to pay for that.
He had failed in business some years
before, and I don't know what they
would have done without their boy
Bob. He was with me in the city, and
I knew that a goodly portion of the
lad's earnings were given over to the
support of the house. It was rather
hard for Bob, but he bore his lot with
great resignation. He came over
pretty often to have a game of crib
bage and talk over business matters
with me, and I found him sharp
enough at both. Then he had a pleas
ant way with the women. Our little
Rosalie was little more than a child,
but Sally used to dignify her as
"Bob's girl," and she got into that
kind about the Blacks.

You'll stay here with Rosalie, won't
you, Bob, till we come back?" I said
to young White, and as I spoke I felt
Sally give a savage pinch to my arm.
No sooner were we outside the door
than she began about poor Bob.

"If you have no regard for your
daughter's future, and choose to throw
her away on a poor miserable beggar
like Bob White—"

"Why, my dear," I broke in, "Rosa
lie's a mere child. Don't begin to
plan about her future, I beg of you.
She's scarcely left off her pinafores,
and if ever there was 'maiden medita
tion, fancy free,' anywhere, it lies in
the brown eyes of our Rosalie."

By this time we had reached the im
posing portals of Black's house, and
were soon ushered into the presence
of the satin damask and ebony.
Black's children were none of them
grown, but were precocious enough to
take the lead in conversation; and we
sat for a whole mortal hour and
listened to the eldest girl hammer out
upon the piano what Mrs. Black called
a "reverie." I was glad when Black
took me into his library.

But a goodly quantity of poison was
infused into Sally's system and mine
before we left the big luxurious house,
and we went home together as changed
as if touched by the rod of an en
chanter.

"Dear me!" said Sally, "what a little
cubby-hole this is! I declare it's quite
like a baby-house!"

"I'd like to have a library like
Black's," said I, taking up the refrain.
"It's nice to have a room," I continued,
to Bob White, "where a man can take
his friends. It would be far pleasant
er, for instance, if you and I could
have our game of cribbage without the
continual gabble of women in our
ears."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Bob.
"I don't think so at all."

The lad looked over at Rosalie and
blushed ingeniously. The color
deepened in Rosalie's cheeks till it
went far ahead of the crimson in
Black's satin damask upholstery, and
a shy gleam shot from her brown eyes
that sent a flood of light into my ob
tuse cranium.

I began to think that Sally was
right. Bob White was all very well in
his way, but no sort of a match for my
daughter Rosalie. She was my one
eye lamb—the bonniest, best, and
dearest little girl the sun ever shone
upon. And besides all this, there was
the secret consciousness that she
could, if she wanted to, dress "à la
attire, and siller hae to spair!" I
hadn't lived in a plain way all these
years for nothing. People about me
began to realize that although I
lived in a small house, he was man
of no inconsiderable means. Black
had managed to convey this intelli
gence to them, and I found no fault

with this friendliness on his part. Old
White never thought of such a thing
as taking the seat beside me now on
our way down in the train; it was
generally filled by more popular
parties, and I began to take quite an
interest in the social and political
points of discussion.

All this cost me considerably in the
way of time and money. My games
of cribbage were few and far between,
and I put my name to all the subscrip
tions they chose to get up; but I
didn't mind the money, and I had long
since determined that the less Rosa
lie saw of young White the better.
The color grew a little less vivid in
her rounded cheeks, and the light less
mischievous and joyous in her eyes,
but Sarah said—I thought this was
really a more suitably name for my
wife's years and dignity—that her
beauty was growing more and more
refined every day. It had even lately
attracted the attention of Mr. Percival
Green, the junior member of Black's
firm, and Green was one of those live,
active business fellows who are sure to
make their mark in the world. I told
my wife to spare no expense for Rosa
lie's advancement and happiness, but
was sorry to see a lack of spirit upon
her part, and a quiet denial to partake
of these new pleasures of popularity.

One thing was certain—radical
measures must be taken to put a gulf
between her and Bob White that could
not readily be bridged over. The
whole White family were as proud as
Lucifer, and I knew I should have
very little trouble in convincing them
that the old intimacy had better be
broken off. My new house on the
Boulevard began to take noble dimen
sions, and had already cost me a mint
of money. Its marble halls were spa
cious enough to chill me to the bone,
and there was quite a melancholy ex
panse of mud and masonry in its
vicinity.

It rather surprised me, when I put
our snug little place in the hands of
the agent, that my wife was so willing
to part with the furniture too. I
thought a few of the familiar old time
savers might be used to advantage
somewhere in the new house, and I
confess to a feeling of keen disappoint
ment when she decided that every
thing must go. We don't want to
set up a second-hand junk-shop on the
Boulevard," said Sarah; and I was
ashamed to foster these old-fashioned
sentiments, till one morning I found
Rosalie crying over my old arm-chair
in the sitting-room. It was a bung
ling old trap, covered with a queer
pattern of chintz, where the tail of
each bird-of-paradise had gradually
faded with many a washing. But the
bulky back seemed to have fitted it
self to my weary spine, and the well
worn arms of the chair were always
cordially held out to me.

"I am glad you've got a tear or two
to spare, Rosy," I said, "at parting
with old friends. I'll never get an
other so lenient with my rickety
bones."

"I'll never part with it, father," said
Rosalie. And I didn't care to tell her
of her mother's decree.

In the meantime, however, I had
broken the intelligence to poor Bob,
as kindly as I could, that it would be
better to cease his visits at the house.
I think, as well as I remember, that I
did put the blame upon my wife. I
was glad to see that he took my com
munication in a manly, practical way,
and bore up under it wonderfully. It
troubled me that Rosalie seemed to
take the matter so much more to
heart. Young Green's turn-out was
seen quite frequently at our door that
winter, and I was tired of my wife's
apologies about the house and its ap
purtenances. Every day that drew
me nearer to the draughty chaos on
the Boulevard lent a warmer charm to
the snug little home I was leaving,
and I found I was not alone in my
appreciation. No sooner had it become
known that my little place was in the
market than offers began to pour in
from different quarters. All these
offers were referred to the agent, who
told me one morning as he was pass
ing that the house had been rented
and the furniture sold some time since
to a young married couple.

"Here's another pair in search of a
nuptial nest," I said, as I propped up
an ingeniously carved bit of a cigar
box on the maple tree beneath my
window. I felt a little blue as I went
in to my breakfast, and had scarcely
broken my egg when the bell rang,
and I found Black at the door. His
face was ashy pale, and his hand trem
bled upon his gold-headed cane.

"No more bad news?" I stammered
out, for some speculations of ours
had turned out very disastrously of
late.

"I'm a ruined man!" said Black,
sinking into a chair by the parlor
door.

Big beads of terror started to my
own forehead.

"Green has disappeared, the scound
rel," said Black, "and of course I
shall be accused of complicity with
the defaulter."

"Naturally," I said, dryly, for I was

too wretched myself to have any sym
pathy to spare.

"This is a confidential visit, Brown,"
continued Black. "I shall have to
fall back upon what little money re
mains to my wife, and I've come
around here at her suggestion to hire
this little place of yours for the com
ing year."

"My good gracious!" said a voice
behind us; and there stood Sally, as
red as the feathers in the duster she
held in her hand.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown," said Black,
"we've always been fond of this little
place, and I really believe we shall be
as happy here in our adversity as you
will in your fine new house."

"Perdition seize my fine new house,
and every one that has led me into
this middle!" I cried, beside myself
with fright and vexation. "You know
that I shan't have the money now to
go on with. It will be all I can do to
keep from bankruptcy myself."

"God forbid that I should refuse to
aid my husband in this extremity!"
said Sally, with great nobility of ac
cent and manner. "We'll make the
sacrifice ourselves, Joe; we'll keep
our own little place; we'll go on in the
old way, dear. We'll stay here our
selves, Joe."

"I'm obliged to you for your con
sideration, madam," I replied; "but
when the horse is gone, it's too late
to shut the stable-door. The house is
let, and the furniture is sold."

"My furniture is sold!" shrieked
Sally. "Oh! oh! oh! my furniture,
my dear old furniture, taken from
me! It ain't yours. They can't take
my things for your debts."

"Just wait," said I, "will you, till
you're called upon to pay my debts?
You gave orders for the furniture to
be sold and the house to be rented
yourself. The agent told me this
morning that a young married couple
had taken them. We'll have to go to
town and take a furnished flat."

"A furnished flat!" echoed my wife,
sinking into a chair, and covering her
face with her apron—"A furnished
flat!" And although I can safely
swear she had time and again held
this way of living to be a domestic
felicity, there was an unspoken
misery in her view of it now. "I wish
it weren't so," she said. "I'd rather
go to my grave than to a furnished flat
—just in the lovely spring time, when
the Brahmas are beginning to set, and
the strawberry bed is one mass of
bloom. Oh, my poor child!" she
cried, to Rosalie, who had run in and
thrown herself at her mother's knee,
"your Mr. Green has turned out to be
a nasty defaulter. A young married
couple have robbed us of house and
home, and your father has the cruelty
to talk to me of a furnished flat."

"He isn't Mr. Green," Rosalie
broke in, "nor ever was, and the mar
ried couple won't rob you of anything
but—but a—bad, unfeeling daugh
ter. You shall stay here, mother dear,
and—and—Bob and I will go to
the city and take the furnished flat."

"Am I to understand," said I, ad
vancing to this dear, blushing, weeping
child, and feeling a singular warmth
and cheer creep about my fainting
heart—"Am I to believe that you and
Bob are the married couple in ques
tion?"

Rosalie hung her sweet head, and
my wife cried out to me, with the cool
est assurance, that she told me how it
would be all along, and that all further
opposition on my part would be use
less.

"You'd better go to the train, Joe,"
she said; "poor old Black has been
gone this ten minutes. And bring
home some garden seeds with you,
and bring Bob to supper. We'll all
live here together. And please God,
my darling," she said, flinging her
arms about our little daughter, "we'll
all be happy yet!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

FASHION NOTES.

Among the new accessories to the
toilet is the matelot or square sailor
collar.

The rich falling collars of to-day are
copies of the paintings of the old
French school.

The new silk-plated skirt and plaited
blouse are stylish for the street or house
attire.

Wash goods, such as prints or per
cales, will be trimmed with solid colors
in bands.

Many sleeves of elegant dresses
have no trimming, because separate
guffs are fashionable.

The coat is one of the most popular
coquetties of the season, and is becom
ing to all ladies.

Stocking manufacturers, not to be
behind the times, have succeeded in in
troducing bourette effects.

The most fashionable hats for chil
dren are in the Pekin style. They come
in cardinal and navy blue.

Mitts form no unimportant part in
the valuable accessories of the toilet,
and fans are made to correspond.

Easy elegance, without scantiness
of drapery or an excess of flowing
folds, is the present fashion.

ODD NOTES.

Madame Pappenheim's last vocal
fight was shaking (her creditors) on
the high C.

King Kalakaua proposes to intro
duce narrow-gauge railroads into his
dominions.

The woman who maketh a good
pudding in silence is better than she
who maketh a tart reply.

Never call a race-horse. Comprehen
sion, because there are many things
which smother comprehension.

The net profits divided among Gil
more's Band as the result of four days'
performance in Dublin were £850.

There is a pottery at East Liverpool,
Ohio, that employs 400 girls. Now
don't you see where the beauty of this
Potter business comes in?

St Louis had her Decoration Day
on Sunday. It was fitly observed.
Every glass of beer was decorated with
an inch of froth.—*N. Y. Star.*

The new Mexican Minister, Senor
Zomacona, has an attractive daughter
of 17, who speaks both English and
French as fluently as her native tongue.

Baron Heichenbach says: "Always
sleep with your feet to the equator."
Jes so, Baron. But when a fellow gets
home at 1 A. M., and sees the bed and
mattress spinning around like bob
bins in a mill, how's he going to know
where on earth the equator is?

Cairo is to have the highest church
spire in America; but it is understood
that Cairo gets ahead of other cities
by laying the foundations of her build
ings twenty-five or thirty feet above
the surface of the earth. Let a man
fall from a Cairo side walk into a house
lot and he is lost.—*N. O. Pic.*

A celebrated actress, whose fresh
smile and silver voice favored the de
ception, always called herself sweet
"sixteen." She stated her age as six
teen in court as a witness. Her son
was directly afterward called up and
asked how old he was. "Six months
older than mother," was the honest re
ply.

A Connecticut lover, young and en
thusiastic, who sang and played for
nearly two hours before the house of
his lady love the other evening, was
electrified—that is, shocked—after a
short & pleasant & successful & happy
gracefully pronounced by the "other
fellow," who appeared at the drawing
room window.

A lady fainted recently at a temper
ance meeting in Des Moines. Two
hundred hands involuntarily thrust
themselves into the left breast pockets
of two hundred coats, then the owners
happened to think, and the lady hap
pened to think, and the lady had to be
carried to a neighboring drug store in
order to be restored to consciousness.
—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A DEAF EDITOR.

The editor of the Santa Clara (Calif
ornia) *Echo* is happily deaf, and thus
tells of his adventures with a female
book agent: We thought everybody
in the State knew we were deaf, but
once in a while we find one who is
not aware of the fact. A female book
peddler came to the office the other
day. She wished to dispose of a book.
She was alone in the world, and had
no one to whom she could turn for
sympathy or assistance; hence we
should buy her book. She was un
married, and had no manly heart into
which she could pour her sufferings,
therefore we ought to invest in a book.
She had received a liberal education,
and we could not, in consequence,
pay her less than two dollars for a
book. We had listened attentively,
and here broke in with, "What did
you say? We're deaf." She started in
a loud voice and went through her
rigmarole. When she had finished we
went and got a roll of paper, and mak
ing it into a speaking trumpet, placed
one end to our ear, and told her to
proceed. She nearly broke a blood
vessel in her effort to make herself
heard. She commenced "I am alone
in this world—" "It doesn't make the
slightest difference to us. We are a
husband and father. Bigamy is not al
lowed in this State. We are not elig
ible to proposals." "Oh! what a fool
the man is!" she said in a low tone; then
at the top of her voice, "I don't want
to marry you, I want to sell-a-b-o-o-k."

This last sentence was howled. "We
don't want a cook," we remarked, bland
ly; "our wife does the cooking, and
she wouldn't allow as good looking a
woman as you to stay in the house
five minutes. She is very jealous."
She looked at us in despair. Gather
ing her robes about her, giving us a
glance of contempt, she exclaimed:
"I do believe that if a three-hundred
pounder were let off alongside that
deaf fool's head, he'd think somebody
was knocking at the door." You should
have heard her slam the door when
she went out. We heard that.

The indications are that there
will be another Indian war this sum
mer, or a fresh outbreak of slumbering
hostilities, and the DEAF-MUTES' JOUR
NAL is only \$1.50 a year.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—The condition of the Empress of
Russia is improving.

—An Indiana girl made \$600 last
year raising broom corn.

—The estimated wheat crop for this
year is

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
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FORT LEWIS SELINEY,
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23 Linden St., Cleveland O.
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,
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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every
Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes
published; it contains the latest news and cor-
respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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OLD MEN FOR COUNSEL AND YOUNG MEN FOR WAR.

To the aged and experienced who
have, so to speak, "been through the mill"
of experience, wisdom naturally
suggests that the young should look
for counsel; and, having learned from
their many valuable instructions, prudence
and common sense demand that the
advice, coming from the lips of those
whose many years have served to
add to their stock of knowledge, should
be gratefully received and most
scrupulously followed, as far as it re-
lates to the common welfare of those
much younger, whose term of life-
school has been shorter than that of
their advisers.

It is natural for the young to re-
joice in their vigor and strength, and
on that score they may, perhaps, often
plume themselves against the feeble
muscles of the more advanced in years.
Youthful vigor and great powers of
muscular endurance are not unfre-
quently the pride of early manhood,
but they are seldom if ever accompa-
nied by the keen sense of discrimina-
tion and depth of wisdom which in
well-developed mental capacity attach
to maturer years.

It is a matter of deep regret that
the well-intended advice offered to
the deaf and dumb by such well-known
friends of our class of people as Rev.
Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, Dr. I. L. Peet,
and many other eminent individuals
of profound judgment and wide expe-
rience, is too often received only to
be looked at from a "bird's eye view"
point, soon to be rejected like a bun-
dle of cast-off clothing, when the shal-
low-minded receivers of the well-meant
kind advice don their garbs of self-
constituted importance, assume their
independent airs—and make the big-
gest imaginable fools of themselves.

The young, and even the middle-
aged, should not only be ever ready
to receive the proffered counsels of
the wisdom of older heads than their
own, but they should also treasure in
their hearts the counsel of old Chris-
tian people, hold fast to good advice
and endeavor to profit by practicing
the wise advice of those who offer it,
not to boast of their experiences, but
for the good of the recipients.

To the representatives of long expe-
rience, which has given place to the
wisdom of mature years, it is a matter
of keen sorrow and of great mortifica-
tion to observe that by many of the
deaf and dumb the choicest lessons of
kind advice are totally unheeded, and
wisdom's Christian counsels, intended
for both their temporal and spiritual
well-doing, are quickly eradicated from
their minds, as the morning vapor
disappears before the dissolving heat
of a July sun.

It is very much to be desired by all
true friends of our people that the
wise counsels of our best friends, who
know our needs, be taken to heart and
put in practice.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes,
Trinity Sunday, June 16th.

The General Manager assisted the
Rev. H. W. Sylve, at St. Stephen's
Church, Philadelphia. About forty
deaf-mutes received the Holy Commu-
nion at the 9 a. m. service, and a con-
gregation of about one hundred at-
tended the 3:30 p. m. service.

Mr. James Lewis officiated at 3 p. m.
in St. Ann's Church, New York; Mr.
James S. Wells at 4 p. m., in St. An-
drew's Church, Harlem, N. Y., and
Mr. R. D. Beers at 3 p. m., in St. Paul's
Church, Boston. The Rev. A. W.
Mann and Mr. Job Turner met their
appointments, and others were doubt-
less busy as lay-readers or Bible-class
teachers. Under the Divine guidance
and blessing the work is steadily pro-
gressing. With more means and
more men, this society will eventually
reach every part of our country.

The Itinerary.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes, personally, or to asso-
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and
readers will keep us supplied with items for this
column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerary*.

The deaf-mutes of Dayton, O., talk of having
a picnic, July 4th.

The *Gazette* of June 15th lamented that in a
few days all the school-girls would leave for their
homes.

The attendance at the contemplated picnic of
the Cincinnati mutes at Bellevue, July 13th, is
expected to be large. Rev. A. W. Mann holds a
service on the 14th.

A team-bell match played between the Mutuals,
of Capital University, and the Independents,
of the Ohio Institution, on Saturday, June 8th, the
result of which was 13 for the Independents and
1 for the Mutuals.

Mr. Charles O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y.,
was our guest from last Friday evening till Mon-
day afternoon. The visit was a very pleasant
one to Mr. Upham, himself and family, and we
hope it will be repeated.

Rev. A. W. Mann expects to meet Rev. Dr.
Gallaudet at the Columbus convention and ac-
company him on his western tour. The pro-
gramme of this tour will soon be ready for inser-
tion in the *JOURNAL*.

Levi Hays, a deaf-mute residing near Gettys-
burg, Pa., was killed near that place on Friday
evening, while walking on the track. The de-
ceased was eighteen years of age, and was once a
pupil at the Ohio Institution.

A Utica visitor informs us that Henry S. Kelly
and wife moved from Putnam, N. Y., last spring,
and now reside at Alder Creek, N. Y., where Mr.
Kelly is with his father-in-law, working in a saw-
mill. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly were quite recently the
happy recipients of an eight-pound gift.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to attend the con-
vention of American instructors of the deaf and
dumb at Columbus, Aug. 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th
and 21st, and to hold a service for deaf-mutes in
Trinity Church, Columbus, on the 18th. He will
make a tour to the West at the close of the con-
vention.

On Thursday, the 16th inst., the pupils of the
Nebraska Institution enjoyed a first-class picnic
at Hamscon Park. The pupils were conveyed
to the park in four large wagons, the officers,
neighbors and help in two carriages, and one
wagon was loaded with good things prepared for
the feast. All enjoyed the day very much.

The following note of enquiry was lately re-
ceived at the Ohio Institution. It is commended
for its correct (?) orthography and punctuation
besides some other interesting features:

"Dear the Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb
have to give bond dose the law require him to be
examined with regards to his education before en-
tering upon his official duties dose he have a
Certificate to draw his pay I dose a Teachers
Certificate."

Superintendent Deaf &
Dumb Asylum,
Columbus Ohio

We are indebted to "Vulcan" for this item:
In the evening of the 8th ult. there was a pond
party at the house of Stephen Van Court in
Hillsdale. The party was highly enjoyed by
the deaf-mutes who were present, and about sev-
enty pounds of groceries and other articles were
donated. A delightful evening was passed till
11:30, parlor games and other amusements
prevailing. The following ladies and gentlemen
were present: Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and
Mrs. Stratton; Mrs. Pauline, Van Court,
Mrs. Cunningham; Messrs. Solomon Bucharsch,
George Schutte, John Daily, and others.

NEMHIAN Denton, a prominent and wealthy
citizen (and deaf-mute) of Geneva, was one of
the great Regatta gathering that did so much
waiting two weeks ago; and our note book shows
that he had a pleasant chat with him through
the pencil as a medium. He visits Watkins and
his Glen nearly every year—some years several
times—and always seems to enjoy the trip. He
is a gentleman of bright and keen intelligence,
owns and occupies a princely mansion, a short
distance out of the village, and has a fine farm
of 135 acres, unsurpassed by any land in Ontario
County. May he have a "better time" when he
again visits Watkins.—*Watkins Express*.

PROFESSOR L. M. Jenkins, the first principal of
the Wisconsin Institution, once principal of the
Kansas Institution, also at one time a teacher at
the Illinois Institution, lately visited the first na-
tional institution, acting as interpreter for the "in-
vestigating committee." While there he spent the
Sabbath and in the afternoon lectured to the
scholars on "Early training, or Education," the
pupils being much amused and highly delighted
with what he had to say on the subject. Mr.
Jenkins has severed his connection with the
teaching of the deaf and dumb and is now enjoy-
ing country life on a fine farm near Madison,
Wis.

SUPERINTENDENT NOYES, of the Minnesota In-
stitution, has prepared a circular to send to the
parents and guardians of his pupils, asking their
assistance in hunting up uneducated deaf-mutes,
and blind, and ascertaining the addresses of the
parents of such children; also asking patrons to
encourage the children, while at home, in habits
of politeness, cheerfulness and prompt obedience,
to encourage them to excel in their chosen trades,
and penmanship and reading, which will be of sub-
stantial service in retaining and improving their
present knowledge of the English language. The
superintendent very sensibly adds: "It is far
more important for him to write correctly than
for you to make signs."

On last Monday the western-bound express
train, when rounding a long curve, twenty miles
west of here, struck and killed a man who was
walking on the track. When the engineer first
saw him he was walking along the side of the
road and not in danger, but he stepped upon the
track when the engine was almost upon him and
when it was too late to stop the train. He was
violently struck and knocked some distance from
the track. When the train was stopped, and
persons got to him, it was found that he was not
dead, and the only injury then observed was a
badly broken arm. He was taken to Goshen,
where he died in a short time from internal in-
juries. He proved to be a deaf-mute, about 40
years of age, who stopped for a day or two at the
Institution last week. While here he gave his
name as William Lyman, and said that he had
been educated at the New York Institution. His
remains were interred at Goshen. One more and
warning to the deaf and dumb.—*Gazette*.

Rev. Job Turner has been to Texas and made
a visit. He sailed upon for the first time
Sunday morning, May 12th. Just as we were
through the usual Sunday morning lecture, it was
announced that he was in the parlor. The su-
perintendent escorted him to the chapel, where
we were happy to meet him, and, we hope, gave
him a hearty welcome. After stating the object
of his travels, and expressing pleasure in meet-
ing us, he closed the exercises with prayer. It
was announced that he would lecture at 3 p. m.,
and all were anxious for the hour to come. It
came, and he entertained us for an hour. In the
completeness of his representation, he sometimes
made the smile play over the mouth of the pupil,
and then in a solemn manner would draw their
minds to the subject he had chosen. He remained

with us till Wednesday, conducting the chapel
exercises every morning, and during the day was
visiting the school-rooms, making himself very
agreeable, and collecting some facts about the
deaf and dumb. We hope he may visit you all,
and come to see us again.—*Ranger*.

According to the *Companion* the meanest
man, as far as heard from, lives not far from the
Minnesota Institution. He has had three wives,
all of whom died from his neglect and cruelty.
He has had six children, and all that are living
have left him, with the exception of one who is
deaf and dumb, now about twelve years of age.
He used to leave his family for days without food
or fuel. His last wife died from exposure while
chopping wood one stormy day in winter to keep
her children—one of them only a week-old—from
freezing, the husband and father—if such pet
names can be applied to the man—brute—enjoying
his pipe at the same time in a neighbor's
comfortable kitchen. After the death of his wife
he left his children for four days without food,
and with nothing to eat but raw potatoes. When
the latter were exhausted the oldest girl took the
youngest child in her arms and walked through the
snow two miles to the nearest neighbor's
house. He abuses his deaf-mute boy shamefully
because he cannot hear. We have one question
to ask: Have they abolished the law so, or if never
existed, the field is a proper life subject at hard
labor in the penitentiary; if hanging is in vogue
there the sooner the State furnishes the hang-
ing, and the shorter the neck, the better for the world at large
and the State of Minnesota in particular.

The sixty-second annual report of the Ameri-
can Asylum, the "Mother" of deaf-mute institu-
tions in the United States, is received through
the compliments of the principal, Edward C.
Stone, M. A. The surplus of current receipts over
expenses for the year was \$5,378.58, but a
partial loss in some investments, amounting to
\$8,340, makes a net loss or reduction of the fund
amounting to the year \$2,961.42. The entire num-
ber of pupils under instruction during the year
was 271. Thirty-one were new pupils. Six of
these were from Maine, five from New Hampshire,
2 from Vermont, 13 from Massachusetts, 4 from
Connecticut and 1 from New Jersey; 6 were former
pupils re-admitted. No deaths occurred, and
but few cases of serious sickness. Fifty-nine pu-
pils left during the year, several of whom ex-
pected to return. The number present at the close
of the principal's report was 212. In the school
room the labors both of instruction and study
were successfully performed. The American Asy-
lum has capacity for two hundred and fifty pu-
pils, and the principal hopes that such provision
may be made that the advantages there offered
may be enjoyed by still more of those who need
them. The treasurer's account shows that the
receipts were \$78,786.01; expenditures, \$73,963-
12; cash on hand, \$4,821.89. The funds of the
asylum amount to \$346,211.89. In the industrial
department 148 pupils were instructed for three
hours a day. Good progress was made by the
boys learning trades. Twelve boys who left school
during the year had such a knowledge of a trade
as to be able to support themselves by such work,
and successful mechanics are frequently found
who are among those who have received their
first instructions in trades beneath the roof of
the new world's first institution for the education
of the deaf and dumb.

We copy the following items from the *Daily
News* of June 26th, a little sheet issued from the
electric pen at the American Asylum:
The pupils of the First and Second classes, with
their teachers, Mr. Williams and Mr. Storrs, had
a delightful excursion to the Tower yesterday.
There were twenty-five of the excursionists and
they were accompanied by six fine horses. The entire team
was managed by two careful men, and no accident
occurred, although the road is quite steep in
places. The Tower is about one thousand
feet higher than the Asylum yard, and is about
ten miles distant. The party started at about 10
o'clock in the forenoon and reached the Tower
about 1:30 p. m. The view all around, upon
both sides of the mountain, was very extensive
and charming. Mr. Bartlett has a fine telescope
upon the Tower, by the aid of which places fifty
miles distant can be plainly seen. The party left
the Tower to return to the Asylum at 5 o'clock,
and reached home at about 7 o'clock. They all
said that they had had a most delightful time,
and that they had enjoyed the excursion very much,
and for giving them so pleasant an excursion.

Mr. Storrs was absent from the Asylum on
Tuesday, on account of the *Golden Wedding* of
his father and mother at Long Meadow. They
have been married just fifty years, and many of
their friends called upon them on that day to con-
gratulate them. Mr. Storrs and his sister Sarah
decorated the house beautifully, with choice flowers,
and arranged one hundred gold dollars to
spend the words "Father" and "Mother," as a gift
to their parents. They all enjoyed the anniversary
very much.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Prof. T. L. Brown, of Flint, Mich.,
is expected to officiate for the Boston
Deaf-Mute Society, June 30th, at 2:30
p. m., and a cordial invitation is extended
to all mutes in the vicinity to be
present at Boylston Hall, near the
Young Men's Christian Union rooms.

AN INDEPENDENT DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

The Biddleford (Me.) *Daily Evening
Times* says: "On the evening of the
7th inst. the officers and members of
the Biddleford and Saco Deaf-Mute
Association held a meeting to consider
whether it be advisable to dissolve the
society and transfer its funds to the
treasury of the Maine Deaf-Mute
Mission, recently formed, according to
the desire of the managers. It was
unanimously decided without any dis-
senting vote not to accede to the plan,
but to be independent of the Mission
and to carry on the work as it has
heretofore done. Mrs. John W. Page
has the entire confidence of the society
for her honesty and integrity. In the
absence of the secretary, Wm. B. Swett,
of Marblehead, Mass., who first assisted
in the formation of the society, was
elected as temporary secretary. More
funds are wanted to meet the expenses
of the year."

WORKINGMEN.

Before you begin your heavy Spring
work after a winter of relaxation, your
system needs cleansing and strength-
ening to prevent an attack of Ague,
Bilious or Spring Fever, or some
other Spring sickness that will unfit
you for a season's work. You will
save time, much sickness and great
expense if you will use one bottle of
Hop Bitters in your family this month.
Don't wait. See other column.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, with its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR MAY, 1878.

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Offerings at services for deaf-mutes in | |
| St. Paul's Church, Albany, | \$ 3.26 |
| Christ Church, Brooklyn, E. D., | .82 |
| St. Paul's, Concord, N. H., | 1.44 |
| Bible class of deaf-mutes, St. Paul's Church, Troy, through Mrs. Gould, | 12.00 |
| Moses Smith, Jonesville, N. Y., | 10.00 |
| Christ Church, Baltimore, through Officers and pupils of the Bellevue In- stitution for Deaf-Mutes, | 5.00 |
| Deaf-mutes in Baltimore, through J. H. Lidon, | 5.50 |
| St. John's Church, Hagerstown, Md., | 28.00 |
| Missionary Box of the Home of the Good Shepherd, through Rev. Mr. Gay, | 5.00 |
| Entertainment at St. Ann's Church, New York City Board of Estimate and Apportionment, | 100.00 |
| J. C. Harrison, | 50.00 |
| Mrs. J. L. Newcomb, | 25.00 |
| Zion Church, Rome, | 5.00 |
| Rev. H. M. Bore, D. D., | 5.00 |
| Church of the Holy Cross, N. Y., | 11.33 |
| W. H. Tallor, | 25.00 |
| Offering at St. Ann's, | 1.00 |
| St. Stephens Mission to Deaf-Mutes, St. Paul's Church, Albany, through "X." offering at Trinity Church, | 18.40 50.00 |

| | |
|---|----------|
| COLLECTED BY MR. JAMES LEWIS. | |
| George M. Miller, | \$ 2.00 |
| H. G. Hardt, | 2.00 |
| Mrs. M. S. Whitney, | 2.00 |
| R. Battelby, through Rev. H. W. Sylve, | 1.00 |
| Mrs. A. R. Whitney, | 5.00 |
| P. & S. Manufacturing Co., | 5.00 |
| Mrs. M. Day, through Rev. H. W. Sylve, | 1.00 |
| Rev. Dr. Weston, | 2.00 |
| Mrs. L. Henry Adams, | 5.00 |
| Mrs. V. G. Hays, | 5.00 |
| E. Duffill, | 5.00 |
| Mrs. Belmont, | 5.00 |
| H. J. Scudder, | 2.00 |
| Mrs. J. C. Smith, | 2.00 |
| E. Riley & Sons, | 5.00 |
| Cash and Anonymous, | 41.70 |
| Total, | \$471.28 |
| For year beginning Nov. 1, 1877, \$5,043.39. | |
| For the Permanent Fund—In Memoriam—through J. & S. Ferguson, \$1,000. The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes hopes to be remembered by all the deaf-mutes of the country and all others who are interested in promoting their temporal and spiri- tual welfare. Donations may be sent to the Gen- eral Manager, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., No. 9 West-Eighth-st., New York. | |

DEATH OF MRS. WELLINGTON BARKER.

Mary, wife of Wellington Barker,
died in Mexico, N. Y., June 21, 1878,
aged 28 years.

For some time past the deceased had
been unwell, she having had a se-
vere attack of sickness a few weeks
since, but within the last two or three
weeks had been able to be out occa-
sionally, and the community was great-
ly shocked to hear of her sudden death,
at about 4 o'clock last Friday afternoon.

All that could be done by a fond
husband, parents, sisters and friends
availed nothing, for a kind Providence
had otherwise ordered.

Her funeral was held at the resi-
dence, at 2 p. m., Sunday, June 23d, the
sermon, preached by her pastor, Rev.
W. F. Hemenway, being from the text:
"For now we see through a glass dark-
ly; but then face to face: now I know
in part; but then shall I know even
as also I am known"—First Corinthi-
ans, 13 chapter and 12th verse.

A long procession of mourning rela-
tives were present, the Rechabites (of
which Mr. Barker is a member) attend-
ing in a body, six of their members
being present, and the noise was packed
with people, and an equal or great-
er number remained outside, unable
to gain admission to the interior of
the house till the close of the sermon,
after which opportunity was given to
look once more upon the features of
the deceased, which were very natural
and almost smiling in death, and were
viewed by nearly all the immense gather-
ing of people present. The casket
was heavily adorned with the richest
of floral tributes, and it is rare that so
large a gathering of people is seen in
our village cemetery as assembled
there last Sunday afternoon to witness
the last sad rites of the burial service.

The deceased was born in this vil-
lage and her life was spent in its midst.
She was well known for her remark-
ably amiable disposition, winning man-
ner, and for her simplicity and devo-
tion as a Christian. Mary was a friend
to all, a devoted wife, a loving sister
and daughter, a valuable member of
society, a Christian in every sense,
and a beloved and faithful member of
the Sabbath-school and of the M. E.
Church. The family and other rela-
tives have this entire community's
sympathy.

After the Rechabites adjourned to
their Tent rooms, they were called to
order, and a vote of sympathy was
tendered to Brother Barker, in this
his great affliction.

THE GRADUATING CLASS' CON- CERT.

A comfortably well-filled house at
the Presbyterian Church, Tuesday
evening, June 18th, indicated to even
a careless observer that the day has
not yet passed for Mexico people to
turn out to enjoy a first-class concert
—for such it was designated by those
present. Hinton's Orchestra, of Syn-
racuse, furnished the music, in accord-
ance with the arrangements made by
the 1878 graduating class of our ac-
ademy. The programme for the oc-
casion included twelve of the most choice
selections of orchestral music, of the
finest kind. Eleven of the pieces were
played, one being omitted at the re-
quest of the leader, Mr. Hinton, on
account of the lateness of the hour, as
many were slow in arriving and the
concert began half an hour later than
the advertised time. Prolonged, fre-
quent and hearty encores were suffi-
cient evidences of the audience's ap-
preciation of an excellent musical feast,
to the equal of which a large portion of it
had never before listened.

A CARD OF THANKS.

I hereby tender my sincere thanks
to the numerous friends who so cheer-
fully rendered such valuable assistance
during my recent deep affliction. May
a kind and benevolent Providence,
who has in his wisdom seen fit to lay
his affliction hand so heavily upon me,
generously reward them according to
His bountiful mercy.

WELLINGTON BARKER.

THE ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES OF 1878.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE FIFTY-SECOND
SCHOOL YEAR OF MEXICO ACADEMY.

For several weeks the prominent top-
ic among many of the students of our
academy related to the closing exer-
cises of the venerable and well-beloved
institution. Warm weather succeeded
the proverbial felicities of spring-time,
hot weather began to steal a march on
June roses, agricultural affairs pro-
gressed as usual, myriads of beetles
invaded the farmers' potato fields,
business cares increased, household
duties multiplied, and pleasure-seek-
ers commenced to make preparations
for the enjoyment of the anticipated
hot weather to intervene between the
hot days of incipient summer and the
healthful breezes of autumn (by
going abroad to places of public
resort far more uncomfortable than
their own private homes); but the
ardent and soul-inspired admirers of
common and higher English, Latin,
music and drawing (when not other-
wise engaged), redoubled their energy,
extracting as they proceeded rich
pleasures from the lessons assigned
them, regardless of fleeting trifles, but
occasionally casting furtive glances,
mingled with hopes and doubts, at the
imaginative mile-stone which plainly
announced that such a designated
number of days' mental toil would
land them at the threshold of Anniv-
ersary Day.

That important day of hope, joy
and fear arrived on the 19th of June
—a day when under-graduates were to
separate for a summer's vacation, and
when graduates were to bid an affec-
tionate farewell to each other, as
academy students, and investigate the
principles of other educational insti-
tutions, or launch out into the com-
mon world's life-school, the lessons
and discipline of which are far more
intricate and exacting than those re-
quired within the walls of Mexico
Academy.

The faculty had been untiring in
their efforts to advance their pupils'
requisite qualifications; the scholars,
with perhaps few unimportant excep-
tions, had studiously and earnestly ac-
cided to the requirements imposed by
the trustees of the academy, and it is
hoped, cheerfully complied with the
well-meant wishes of their principal
and his assistant instructors; and, as
if to verify the truth contained in the
proverb that "Providence helps them
that help themselves," the day was
one apparently designed for the par-
ticular occasion; an unclouded sun,
clear sky, balmy air, and comparatively
little dust were the coveted charac-
teristics which, on that favorite day,
apologized for the well-known and
often-repeated fickleness of the weath-
er for some time past.

At 9 a. m. the joyful notes of the
Presbyterian Church bell announced
the beginning of another hour the an-
niversary exercises would be com-
menced within the hallowed walls of that
stately old sanctuary, where, as also in
the M. E. Church, delighted audiences
have in many former years been ac-
cused to assemble to listen to brilliant
essays and soul-stirring orations, on
other anniversary days.

A fair-sized audience was in waiting
at 10 o'clock, the appointed hour, to
witness the morning exercises, which
were those of the under-graduate class,
and Hinton's Orchestra, of Syracuse,
was present throughout the day to
dispense music of the most enchanting
kind.

MORNING EXERCISES.

The morning session was occupied
as follows:
Music, by Hinton's Orchestra.
Prayer, by Rev. J. Q. Adams, pastor
of the Presbyterian Church.
Oration, "Change," George Bennett.
Essay, "Clouds," Mary L. Burdick.
Declaration, "Extract from Eliza-
beth Stuart Phelps," Edward C. Shum-
way.
Essay, "Remnants," Mary L. Ben-
nett.
Music.

Oration, "The Unspeakable Turk,"
Henry A. Peck.
Essay, "A Thread," Flora G. Hart-
son.

Declaration, "Extract from Joseph
Cook," Fred E. Sweetland.
Essay, "Dickens' Children," Carrie
A. Peck.

Music.
Oration, "Lafayette," Frank E.
Tude.

Essay, "The Unseen," Florence J.
Wood.
Oration, "Progress," Charles H.
Watson.

The essays were all read in good
style, and the declarations and ora-
tions were delivered in an easy and
unembarrassed manner, all reflecting
much credit for those by whom they
were read and delivered, showing that
in culture the pupils of the academy
had received good instruction, and
that they had improved largely upon
their own natural talents.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2 p. m. the house was densely
packed with people, all very much in-
terested in the exercises of the grad-
uating class and the annual address.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr.
Crom, rector of Grace (Episcopal)
Church, which was followed by music
from the orchestra. Mr. Elmer
Loomis, in a cool-headed and distinct
style, delivered the Salutatory, which
he ended, as is usual, in Latin.
An oration, "Currency," by Mr. Frank
B. Fote, was handled in a manner
which showed that the speaker was
sound on the currency question. Mr.
Fred W. Pettit's oration, "The future
of America," delivered in a clear voice,
plain and easy style, was an able pro-
duct. Mr. Willis E. Heaton was
elected from delivering his oration,
"Representative Men," which, we

doubt not, would have been highly
credible to its author. Elmer H.
Loomis, the Salutatorian, again stepped
upon the stage, and, in the easy,
natural style which characterized his
Salutatory address, delivered his ora-
tion, "Statues." Miss Madalia Howard
first read a fine essay, which showed
much close thinking on the part of the
reader, and was followed by her Vale-
dictorian, both of which were read in
a graceful style and in distinct tones,
and were in all respects first-class
productions.

Professor C. E. Havens, who has
resigned his principalship of the
academy, for the future prosecution of
study, after addressing the graduating
class for a few minutes, giving them
some very excellent advice in regard
to their future lives, conferred upon
them their diplomas.

The exercises were interspersed
with some of the choicest selections of
music, delivered by the orchestra.
Rev. W. L. Parker, of Oswego,
former rector of Grace (Episcopal)
Church of this village, had accepted
the invitation to deliver the annual ad-
dress, but, on account of his sickness,
a telegram was received Monday even-
ing, the 17th inst., announcing that it
would be impossible for him to be
present; but, on invitation, Rev. Dr.
Cross consented to deliver an address,
which was a masterly production, es-
pecially as he had but a very short
time in which to prepare it, and was

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

A PROMISING SON OF DEAF-MUTES.

CLINTON, N. Y., June 17, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—The achievements of a son of deaf-mutes will, doubtless, be interesting to many of your readers. During the past two years Mr. Gilbert M. Smith has pursued a course of classical study at our institution. He has proved himself a most faithful student, and courteous and affable to all with whom he came in contact.

He was graduated last week as valedictorian of his class; and he is the appointee to all the inter-academic contests in which the school will be represented next month at Albany. During the year he has also taken the first prize in declamation and in English composition. He has passed a very creditable examination for admission into Hamilton College.

He is the eldest son of Moses Smith, of Jonesville, Saratoga county, who is almost and whose wife is totally a deaf-mute.

That the child of mutes should be so much superior to his fellows in literary accomplishments seems to us a matter of interest and gratification; and we are quite sure that it will not prove less so to the class-mates and acquaintances of the elder Mr. Smith.

Yours truly,
CLARENCE L. BARBER,
Teacher of Law and Classics in Clinton Grammar School.

PROFESSOR JOB TURNER AT ST. LOUIS.

A RICH COUNTRY—THE CROPS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 8, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—To-day reminds me of my marriage. I was married June 8th, 1844, to Miss Mary James, a Virginia deaf-mute lady, whom death separated from me January 3d, 1873, after a happy wedded life of about 29 years, she having presented me with two bright, speaking sons, who are, I venture to say, doing pretty well in the world.

I have this morning arrived here from Olathe, Kansas. We had a pleasant night on the railroad, traveling about three hundred miles. I have got to start for Jacksonville, Ill., to-night, go on to Indianapolis, Ind., Tuesday, and thence to Chicago, Friday.

You will perceive that I am moving from one place to another pretty quickly. I feel the change of weather keenly, having been in a warmer climate for about four months.

I must say something about Kansas. You must not think me crazy about that State. The wheat harvest is now in progress throughout that and this state, and special despatches to the city papers, from all parts of both, represent that the crop will far exceed any previous one, both in quantity and quality. Corn is in splendid condition. Everything looks green and beautiful. I am agreeably disappointed in the appearance of these States.

I must draw this unworthy scrawl to a close, now, as I have my hands full.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, June 18, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A notable wedding took place at 12 M. to-day, at the Second Presbyterian Church, Twenty-first and Walnut streets, in this city. The couple who were united in the bonds of matrimony were Prof. Amos L. Pettengill, of this institution, and Miss Emma V. Stevenson, daughter of the steward of the institution. They were married by the Rev. John H. Pettengill, father of the groom, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Bedle.

A large number of friends had been invited to attend, but a heavy rain prevailing at the time kept a great many away. Had the weather been fine the church would no doubt have been well filled. Notwithstanding the limited attendance of those who were invited, the affair passed off to the satisfaction of all who were present, and at about 12:15 the happy couple passed out of the church and were conveyed to their home, where a splendid reception was awaiting them.

It is hoped by all present on the occasion that the newly-married couple may have a life of joy and happiness, and at last be rejoiced to the life of eternal felicity beyond the grave.

Yours, etc.,
A PUPIL.

SAD DROWING ACCIDENT.

Gilmore G., only son of James G. Wilkins, a deaf-mute of North Branch, Antrim, N. H., aged 14 years, went fishing on the morning of June 17th, at about half-past 8 o'clock. His parents advised him not to go, but he said he would be back in a short time. Not returning as soon as expected, and his parents becoming anxious about him, his father went to the river to see if he could find him. He found his fish pole on the ground, but he could not find him. Search was made in different places where it was supposed he might have gone, but he could not be found. A raft was made, a drag hook procured, and at about 2 o'clock P. M. his corpse was found in the river. He was subject to fits, and it is supposed that he fell into the river while in a fit. In their bereavement, his parents have the sympathy of many friends.
J. E. L.
South Antrim, N. H. June 15, 1878.

BOSTON NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Boston will be represented at the coming excursion and picnic of the Manhattan Literary Association. The annual picnic of the above-named society, which will be held at Cold Springs Harbor, L. I., July 10th, is the town talk among the Boston mutes. They are delighted to hear of it and wish it a complete success and enjoyment. It is with pleasure that I state that quite a number of the Boston mutes will be very likely to go there, where they will be happy to see their old friends and also to make new ones. Among those who expect to go are: Messrs. Robert D. Livingston, W. H. Krause, "Black" Welch, A. C. Hargrave, C. P. Wise, Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, and your correspondent.

In the forenoon of Sunday, June 16th, a mute audience, over fifty in number, assembled at the room of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society to hear an excellent sermon delivered by Rev. Mr. Rowe. It was the first time he ever preached before a Boston audience since he was ordained. In the afternoon of the same day a fair-sized mute audience went to St. Paul's (Episcopal) Church and heard a very good sermon preached by Mr. Robert D. Beers, of Bridgeport, Conn., who came to this city in accordance with the order of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

On the second Sunday of every month an Episcopal service will be held for deaf-mutes, in St. Paul's Church. SPECTATOR.
Boston, June 17th, 1878.

WATKINS CORRESPONDENCE.

REGATTA—ARRIVALS, &c.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I promised in my last communication that I would give an account of the Watkins Regatta, &c.

The regatta was announced for the 28th, 29th and 30th days of last month, and the races were decided to begin at 2 o'clock each day. Charles E. Courtney, of Union Springs, the champion sculler of the world, acted as the referee. The entries numbered forty-two.

From day to day high winds and rough water prevented the contested races, as advertised. Tuesday, the 28th, the water was rough and not until evening were the races rowed. The four-oared race was easily won by the Atlantans, of New York. Four crews were entered. They were entitled to go to Europe to compete in the Henley four-oared races, but did not go.

The Junior scull race was easily won by A. McGafferty, of Watkins, in 15 minutes 41 seconds, the course being 1 mile and return. The contestants were A. McGafferty, of Watkins, Robert H. Larmon, of Union Springs, George Gaisel, of New York city, and A. C. McMullin, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Larmon came in second in 16 minutes 16 seconds. The last defeat of McGafferty by Larmon, at Owego, last fall, was avenged.

Wednesday came, and no race took place, on account of rough water. The day was fair, and a good number of deaf-mutes arrived to attend the races, but they were postponed until the next day.

At ten o'clock, Thursday morning, the first four-oared trial heat was won by the Atlantans, in 7 minutes 22 seconds, after being most hotly contested by the Carmanas, of Washington Heights, New York. Nothing more could be done that day because of the rain and wind, and the balance of the programme was placed in the hands of Courtney, to carry out according to his discretion and the condition of the elements.

It was impossible to do anything on the fourth day (Friday May 31st), until 7 o'clock in the evening, because of continued high wind and rough water. The second trial four-oared heat was won by the Sho-wac-mettes, of Michigan. There were three contestants. It was announced that the races would open at 5:30 on Saturday morning.

Saturday, June 1st, the fifth day, the lake being smooth and the weather fine, the final heat of the four-oared crews was rowed, two taking the positions, as follows: Atlantans, of New York, and Sho-wac-mettes, of Michigan. The race was won by the Sho-wac-mettes in 7 minutes 17 1/2 seconds, with the Atlantans about a length behind. The Sho-wac-mettes are now the representative oarsmen that go abroad to compete in the Henley (England) four-oared races. The names of the winning crew, are Stephen Dussan, Joseph Nadeau, W. H. Durell and Moses Nadeau. At the close of the four-oared race, the single scullers (1 and 5-16) were called and arranged in the following positions: George Gaisel, of New York, Robinson, of Union Springs, Lee, of Newark, N. J., Hall, of Perth Amboy, N. J., A. McGafferty, of Watkins, Callahan, of Portsmouth, Va. The race was most interesting, and was won by Lee McGafferty coming in second. G. Robinson, "the favorite," was last, much to the disgust of his townsman, Courtney, as well as other deaf-mutes. Lee is therefore our representative oarsman in the Senior single scull race at the Henley races.

At about half-past ten the double scull race was won by McGafferty and Andrews, of Watkins, over the Hudsons of Pittsburgh, Pa. The four-oared three-mile race, (National Association) was won by the Sho-wac-mettes in 18 minutes 44 1/2 seconds. The Sho-wac-mettes won the Trial Heat, the Final Race and National Association race. They are very remarkable oarsmen, and, if shown fair play at the Henley (England) regatta, they will give credit to our country, of which they are very confident. The

Henley regatta was announced for the 4th and 5th days of July next.

Thus ended the regatta. Quite a number of deaf-mutes attended the races. Mr. M. F. Tuttle, a handsome man of Geneva, presented himself like Napoleon Bonaparte in our beautiful Watkins. We shall be very glad to see him again when he comes here.

Watkins, with two railroads, the Seneca Lake Navigation Company, steam yachts, many conventions and 60,000 prospective inhabitants, seems to be very lively in the streets during the pleasure season of 1878.

Many excursions and picnics are visiting Watkins Glen, from neighboring cities and towns. It is announced that the Free Thinkers' Convention will be held at Watkins, on the 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th of August next.

In conclusion, I wish that the pleasure-seekers could enjoy the pleasure of exploring the glen, and viewing the beautiful lake scenery. I shall report, for the "Itemizer," the arrivals of deaf-mutes at the Glen during the coming summer.

WATKINS.
Watkins, N. Y., June 18, 1878.

A DRIVE AT THE OUTSIDERS.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 20th, 1878.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Since I have been a subscriber of your worthy paper, I have noticed that in Fall River, they elect for president of their society an outsider. Why is it that they cannot have one of their own people without sending outside for a president? Here is another instance: Take Boston; instead of having Bostonians, they have what may be called outsiders. There are plenty of intelligent people there, and I cannot comprehend why they don't elect them. New Hampshire is called the "Granite State," and in Concord they have an organization consisting of their own people, and I may say that ought to be an example to other societies. In Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New York, they have their own residents for officers. The Episcopal church don't have presidents and other officers; they only invite mutes to their church, and are open-hearted, but these societies are always having so many officers that they are always in trouble, especially when they have an outsider. It does seem as though outsiders accept the office of president on account of enjoying the trips and seeing different people, not really feeling or taking an interest in the societies, only just for their pleasures and enjoyments. I trust outsiders will take this to themselves. A SUBSCRIBER.

A DEAF-MUTE KILLED NEAR COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I herewith send you a slip which recites the often-repeated story, "gone to his long home via the railroad." The person to whom it alludes formerly resided in the town of Bridgewater, Oneida county, N. Y., near the Herkimer county line. On the 15th day of Feb., 1871, on his return in the evening from a hunting trip, seeing his wife in the house, he discharged his gun, loaded with buck-shot, through the window into her breast, killing her instantly. He was indicted for murder in the first degree by the grand jury of Oneida county.

On June 6th, of the same year, he was arraigned upon that indictment and pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the third degree, which plea the court accepted, on account of his infirmity. He was on the same day sentenced to the Auburn State Prison at hard labor for two years, which time he served out. Previous to their marriage his wife was his step-mother. The following explains the manner in which he met his death:

The Cooperstown Journal of Thursday says: On Monday evening last, as the train on the Cooperstown Road was nearing Phoenix Mills, Engineer Smith saw a man ahead, walking on the track. He gave the usual warning, sharp and repeatedly, and then seeing that he did not step off the track as expected, Mr. S. whistled "down breaks" and reversed his engine; but the distance was too short in which to stop the train, and the man was taken up by the cow-catcher, thrown back upon the bumper, breaking his right leg and arm and inflicting a severe bruise upon the back of his head. Fatal injuries were inflicted and he remained in a comatose condition from the time he was struck until his death, which occurred at 11 A. M.

The name of the unfortunate man is Daniel Cahoon, 66 years of age, and deaf and dumb. He is a resident of Herkimer county, and was on a visit to his brother-in-law, Mr. Reynolds, at Phoenix. A few years ago he sustained severe injuries in the same manner, while walking upon the railroad track near Richfield. He was taken to Mr. R.'s house, and the railroad company sent Dr. Hills immediately to see him on the arrival of the train, but nothing could be done for him. No blame attaches to the engineer in this case.

S.
Utica, N. Y., June 22, 1878.
[Probably another case of suicide by means of the locomotive.—ED. JOUR.]

THE TIDY HOUSEWIFE.

The careful, tidy housewife, when she is giving her house its spring cleaning, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she should know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of all medicines. See other column.

THE CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

CLOSING SCENES.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The annual examinations were pretty tough,—more so in some studies than in others. The school average for the term has not yet been completed, but a calculation places it at between 50 and 60, which is certainly a good showing. Some pupils did better than others, as a matter of course, and the highest individual average for the term was made by a little girl nine years old, in four studies—history, geography, scripture and arithmetic. The figures were, 83 in the Christmas, 85 3-5 in the Easter, and 88 4-9 in the Annual, averaging 85 2-3 out of a possible 100. She got a pretty book as a prize. Another pupil, a boy in the same class, averaged 82 1-2 and got a ball. Other pupils in other classes averaged almost as well, and got corresponding prizes from their teachers.

Rev. Rufus Wendell, a Methodist clergyman, at present connected with a publishing house in Albany, gave us a brief call last Monday. He used to be a compositor in the office of the *Radio*, under the late Levi Backus, of whom he learned the alphabet, and a few signs, which he well remembers. In a talk with the teachers it turned out that he, once upon a time, held service in an eastern town and there met Professor Chamberlain, who held forth to a mute congregation in the afternoon, and Mr. Wendell did the part of interpreter for the hearing portion of the assembly.

Toward the close of the term Professor Downing, of the Minnesota Institution, stopped over a few days, on his way to New York. He assisted at the examinations of the infant classes of the institution. Messrs. W. J. and T. G. Nelson, brothers of the principal, also came to see our exhibition, and were much interested in and pleased with the school and its workings.

Having a chapel of our own, we thought we would hold our exhibition there this year, which we did. We decorated it in fine style, or rather Principal Nelson personally saw that it was done; but when the hour came we found ourselves unprepared for the crush. We had thought that the time of holding it (afternoon), and our distance from the city would prevent a large attendance, but many came and could not get in and went back. Your correspondent, after often giving up his seat, was finally crowded out and saw nothing of the exercises except once, when he managed to get on a small mountain of chairs in the rear, and see little Ora Shuts and Frankie Day in their liability, which they delivered in a remarkably cool and collected manner and with marked effect.

J. J. F., the genial editor of the *Utica Herald*, was present and luxuriated in a seat in front of the platform. The world is using J. J. well. He turns the scale at 265, and now that the danger is past, and no chance is left to say "I told you so," we disown the remark fathered on us that if the floor gave way we should hear the reason why.

The Journal readers have read so many accounts of exhibitions, past and present, that it will suffice to say that here everything went off to the entire satisfaction of the audience in general, and J. J. F. in particular. His *Herald* report of it was a model of its kind.

Thursday morning, June 20th, was a busy time; delegations of pupils, homeward bound, leaving on almost every train. Your correspondent took a company of twenty westward as far as Canandaigua, and then had the grim consolation of going back alone. On the train he met Augustus Volher, a quondam pupil of the New York Institution, who made himself known, and represented himself as a peddler, dealing in notions and making a fair profit. He had been over Cayuga Lake visiting James Jones, from whose farm he had got several quarts of nice strawberries which he was taking home.

This institution is not old enough to graduate anybody; but one of our pupils, who had been with us two years, Lyman D. Gillett, a transfer from New York, has left, his time having expired. Some one else deserves honorable mention right here. Brownie, a dog, belonging to the principal's family, had been with us two years, and had become quite a feature. He left with the end of the term, and has gone to his former home, Aurora, N. Y., and there he will end his latter days—where his younger ones began.

The officers and teachers are all tired out, and will probably seek change of air in congenial localities. Professor Johnson has already gone to old Cayuga; Miss Van Tassel has returned to Nyack-on-the-Hudson; the rest remain for a while, and those who have families will rusticate somewhere. Your correspondent has dual and triple duties to do, which may detain him a month. These done, he hopes to air his duster.

C. S. M.
Rome, N. Y., June 24, 1878.

WHY LONGER REMAIN FAT?

Obesity was considered by the ancients as evidence of coarseness. Even yet the slim forms of the Grecian goddesses are regarded as models of female beauty. Corpulence is now held to be a disease, and Allan's Anti-Fat has fully demonstrated it to be curable. The Anti-Fat chemically neutralizes in the stomach all glucose, saccharine, and oleaginous substances, thus preventing the formation of fat. Its use insures a loss of from two to five pounds per week. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Sold by druggists.

Professor Job Turner at the Michigan Institution.

FLINT, Mich., June 21, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Now that I have my hands full, I must write you a very short letter. You will please wait till I write you a long one from Rappahannock, Va., where I intend stopping a few days to visit my dear sons.

I need not say that my work has been very pleasant and profitable since my last letter, which was dated at St. Louis.

On my way to Chicago, I dropped in to visit the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Jacksonville, the very kind courtesies of which I enjoyed very much. I must not omit to say that I was present at its closing exercises, on the 13th inst., which were a great success, and reflected great credit on its officers. The Illinois Institution has a more beautiful chapel than any other institution.

I held a service in Chicago, on the 16th ult. I was a guest of Professor Emery, A. M., D. D., for two days, and was then transferred to the residence of a leading citizen, whose hospitality I enjoyed very much. He will be useful to this writer in his work when he visits Chicago again. He tried to make me stay with him a few days longer, but, to my great regret, my duties forbade it. He showed me many things to interest me. He showed me the spot where the fire began which destroyed the best business part of the city.

I arrived here day before yesterday, and received a warm welcome from Superintendent Parker and his assistants. I was present at the annual exhibition of this institution, yesterday, and enjoyed it very much. Superintendent Palmer and Professor Swiler, of the Illinois Institution, were also present.

I am going away this afternoon.
Ever yours most sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

THREE DEAF-MUTES SEEING THE ELEPHANT.

DENVER, Col., June 13, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I take much pleasure in sending you an account of some mutes' travels in New Mexico that may be very interesting to your readers.

We are very much delighted to see the Rocky Mountains, which are covered with perpetual snow. Joseph Pierson and I, both educated at the Texas Institution, and John Breen, educated in Philadelphia Pa., and at the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, drove 18,000 head of cattle from El Moro, Col., to Maxwell, N. M., with a party of speaking men. After arriving there, they paid us, mutes fifteen, dollars each, and our stage expenses to El Moro; but we missed the stage and were compelled to walk there. The second day we tried to find a place where we could get something to eat, but all in vain. We were nearly starving for three days, but fortunately meeting a party of cattle drovers we explained to them, by natural signs, our condition. By and by they gave us a hearty supper and also a breakfast. We thank God for keeping us from starvation. We arrived here last night. We are on our way to Boise City, Idaho. I imagine it is a long distance. More anon.
Yours respectfully,
JAMES LANDON.

A PEN PICTURE.

A few months, or even weeks, since, her pallid countenance was the very type of ruddy health—the delight of the school and the pride of the household. She was always welcome wherever duty or pleasure led her. Diligent, punctual, and exemplary in the class-room, obedient and loving at home, she won the hearts of all. But, alas! those glowing cheeks and lips are now blanched by consumption. The voice once so enchanting in laugh and song is feeble, husky and broken by a hollow cough. Let us approach her couch and gently take her bloodless hand in our own. Do not shudder because of its feeble, passionless grasp. The hand once so warm and plump shows its bony outlines, while the cords and tortuous veins are plainly mapped upon its surface. The pulse that bounded with repletion, imparting beauty, vivacity, health, and strength to the system, is delicate to the touch. The enervated heart feebly propels the thin, scanty blood. Must we lose her while yet so young and so fair? No. There is relief. But something more is required than the observance of hygienic rules, for enfeebled nature calls for aid and she must have it. Administer this pleasant medicine. It is invigorating. It allays the irritable cough, improves the appetite and digestion, and sends a healthy tingle through her whole being. The blood is enriched, her nervous power increased, and the heart bounds with a new impulse. Her face brightens—the blood is returning, her voice is clearer, and her requests are no longer delivered in that peevish, fretful tone so deadening to sympathy. Her step is still faltering, but strength is rapidly returning. Let us take her in the warm, life-giving sunshine. In a few weeks she will go without our aid and be able to join her companions in their pleasant pastimes, and feel her whole being "warmed and expanded into perfect life." The change is so great that we think she is sweeter and nobler than ever before. And the medicine which has wrought this transformation, we look upon as a blessing to humanity, for there are other loved ones to be rescued from the grasp of the insidious destroyer. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has raised her. It will raise others.

Deaf-mutes, beware the railroad track.

"CHILDREN OF SILENCE."

Missionary Work Among Deaf-Mutes—An Interesting Account of the Progress Made Under the Supervision of the Episcopal Church.

(From the Pittsburg Gazette, June 17, 1878.)

The following interesting paper, in reference to the missionary work of the Episcopal Church among deaf-mutes, was prepared by Rev. Mr. Mann, a deaf-mute, and read at the recent meeting of the Diocesan Convention:

The privilege of presenting a few brief statements in relation to church work among deaf-mutes is asked of all present on this occasion.

As many know, this much needed work received its first impulse through the providential labors of the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., who, in the year 1850, in New York city, formed the first Bible-class of deaf-mutes ever known.

Beginning with but three members, this class grew rapidly in size. After the lapse of two years, St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes came into existence as an outgrowth of this timely enterprise of faith.

Years rolled by, and in the year 1870, the society, known as The Church Mission of Deaf-Mutes, was organized and incorporated, having in view a systematic and general extension of church work among a class too sadly overlooked in the past. The general manager of this society—the gentleman actively instrumental in bringing it into existence and shaping its work—is the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. Of its twenty-five trustees six are deaf-mutes.

With the extension of knowledge respecting the initial labors referred to, came requests for services from the mutes of contiguous places. But owing to a pressure of work in his own parish, he could not respond to those calls as often as he desired. So the mutes of Albany, Troy and other places had probably a service or two a year. Now, with the increase of workers in this new field of spiritual effort, the number of services at these points has been increased.

The years that have followed the beginning of the above-mentioned labors have brought answers to prayers for more laborers. As a result, there are now seven clergymen, familiar with the sign language, engaged more or less actively in conducting services in the sign language. Five of them are able to hear and speak: Rev. Drs. Gallaudet, Clerc, and Pennel; Revs. Messrs. Berry and Chamberlain. The remaining two are semi-mutes, meaning those able to speak but not to hear.

One is the Rev. Henry Winter Syle, M. A., of St. Stephen's Deaf-Mute Mission, of Philadelphia. The other is a missionary at large, working a field embracing at present eleven (11) dioceses.

It was not until the year 1873 that any active efforts were undertaken looking to the establishment of services in the principal Western cities. The writer, then filling the position of teacher at the Michigan Institution for the Education of Deaf-Mutes, received a lay-reader's license and began in a limited way, his duties at the institution preventing a general extension of the services over the State.

In the year 1875 he became discontented with that institution, and at once resolved to devote his entire time to this work.

On the 25th of January, 1877, he was ordained to the Diaconate at Cleveland, Ohio, by Bishop Bedell.

An extension of the special services has been steadily prosecuted. Services have been held in Pittsburg, Pa.; Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton, Portsmouth, Delaware, and Marion, Ohio; Indianapolis, and Michigan City, Indiana; Detroit, Flint, Jackson, Grand Rapids, Niles, and Coopersville, Michigan; Chicago, Rockford, Galesburg, and Jacksonville, Illinois; St. Louis, Missouri; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Newport, Kentucky; Buffalo, and Mexico, New York—in all twenty five places.

The missionary has also assisted at several of the special services held by the general manager at certain points principally in the West.

An evidence of the interest in the special labors of the church will doubtless be seen in the calls for services at points never before visited. The intention is to respond to these calls whenever possible, and endeavor to keep up the interest until the number of laborers in this new field of effort shall have been increased. Then it will be possible to give to the principal points the ministrations of a settled pastor.

The mutes and their speaking friends, some of them not of our communion, quickly see that the prayer-book system of the Episcopal Church meets a want not by any possibility supplied where precomposed set forms of worship are discarded. With the assistance of these friends the mute joins in the worship on an equality with his hearing and speaking brother.

The missionary with a large field to work is enabled to see most clearly the need of an increased force of laborers. Some time may pass before this want is supplied to the fullest extent.

Meanwhile it seems proper as well as necessary to ask the clergy and laity to help in a way that, being explained, must readily appear very practicable. A leading object being to interest the mutes in the regular services, and to induce them to become constant attendants with the others, the following plan is submitted: Let means be undertaken to find them, and when they are at church, to have friends by their ready to show them the places in the paper-book. This help given occasionally will lead to their being able to find the places alone. As a general thing, in the past they have given no attention to church attendance for

the simple reason that no special efforts were made to reach them.

A great obstacle in the way of a more general extension of this greatly-needed work has been the lack of sufficient funds. In this connection a suggestion of the general manager is presented in relation to all churches remembering "the church mission to deaf-mutes," especially on the 12th Sunday after Trinity, occurring this year on the 8th of September. With the money raised on that day we will find our hands greatly strengthened, in that we will be enabled to place more missionaries in the field with stipends.

In view of the fact that fifty schools for deaf-mutes in the United States graduate members annually, the importance of making permanent provision for their spiritual care must be at once seen. At their graduation, whatever they have had of religious instruction comes practically to an end unless the church steps in and takes them up when the schools leave them.

Statistics give us one mute to 1,500 able to hear. By means of this proportion we easily ascertain the number of mutes in the United States to be 25,000, and in the entire world 950,000,—nearly a million.

Between March 1st, 1877, and June 1st, 1878, the missionary at large has held in all eighty-eight services at twenty-three places, all named above. There have been twenty-six baptisms, mostly by the rectors, the missionary reading the formula in signs. The missionary has baptized three "in the absence of the priest." There have been six confirmations, and fully twenty-one candidates await the Episcopal visitation at several points. Within the large western circuit there are fully sixty mute communicants.

In conclusion the missionary would state that he holds himself in readiness to respond to calls from the clergy and laity to assist where he can be of service in his own special work, and he respectfully invites correspondence in that connection.

Marvels of Strength.

I do not wonder when strong men say strong things; but I have often marveled when I have heard such heroic sentences from the weak and trembling. To hear the sorrowing comfort others, when you would think they needed comfort themselves; to mark their cheerfulness, when if you and I suffered half so much we should have sunk to the earth—this is worthy of note. God's strength is perfectly revealed in the trials of the weak. When you see a man of God brought into poverty, and yet in poverty never repining; when you hear his character assailed by slander, and yet he stands unmoved like a rock amidst the waves; when you see the gracious man persecuted and driven from home and country for Christ's sake, and yet he takes joyfully the spoiling of his goods and banishment and disgrace—and then the strength of God is made perfect in the midst of weakness.—Spurgeon.

Oats are baked in France and Germany and used for horses' food in loaves. This is reckoned a very economical use of the article. A pound of good-oats is equal to two pounds of the best clover hay.

Deaf-Milk should be kept free from the odors of the barn.

Notice of Sale on Foreclosure of Two Mortgages, on same Premises, by Advertisement.

Whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage, dated March 4, 1874, executed by Eliza Ann Murdock and Robert Murdock, her husband, of the city of Owego, Owego county, N. Y., to Thomas O'Keefe, of the same place, with mortgage stands recorded in the Owego county clerk's office, at the date of March 21, 1874, in book of mortgages No. 105, at page 124, and which said mortgage was by the said Thomas O'Keefe assigned to Henry H. Lyman, of Owego city, and who is now the owner and holder thereof.

And, whereas, the said mortgage, as to the first lien on the said mortgage at the date of the first publication of this notice, to wit, June 27, 1878, is the full and true sum of Eleven hundred and ninety-six and 40/100 cents (\$1,196.80), principal, and \$196.51, interest; and the said sum of \$1,196.51, is the whole amount claimed, to be unpaid on said mortgage.

And, whereas, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage, dated March 6, 1878, executed by Eliza Ann Murdock and Robert Murdock, her husband, of the city of Owego, in the county of Owego, N. Y., to Henry H. Lyman, of the same place, with mortgage stands recorded in the office of the clerk of the county of Owego, in book of mortgages No. 105, at page 124, and which said mortgage was by the said Henry H. Lyman assigned to Henry H. Lyman, of Owego city, and who is now the owner and holder thereof.

And, whereas, the said mortgage, as to the first lien on the said mortgage at the date of the first publication of this notice, is the full and true sum of Four hundred and seventy-one dollars and eighty cents (\$471.80), principal, and \$471.80, is the whole amount claimed, to be unpaid on both mortgages, in this notice described, at the date of the first publication of this notice, is the full and true sum of sixteen hundred and sixty-eight dollars and thirty-one cents (\$1,668.31).

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue

